THE

Shoe-Maker

Beyond his

LAST:

OR,

A SATYR

UPON

Scurrilous Poets,

Especially NED W----D, Author of a Poem intituled, A Journey to Hell: Or, a Visit paid to the Devil.

LONDON,

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By Richard Burridge

THE

Shoe-Maker

Beyond His

LAST, &c.

WHAT private Sin hath fertile *England* Nurſt,
That She is thus ſeverely Plagu'd, and Curſt?
Infected with Ingend'ring Spawn of Knaves
Who Poyſon Wit, and make the Muſes Slaves;
In ſuch an Age as this is, ſwell'd with Pride,
That Wit and Learning both in Triumph Ride,
Exaſperated Pens ſhould all Conſpire
To Blaſt this Seed before it groweth higher;
Among the reſt my Vengeance ſhall be hurl'd,
I'll chace theſe ſimple Block-heads through the World,
Till Conſcience terrifies them for the Crime,
Which makes an angry Muſe againſt them Rhime.

Ye drouſie Sinners look about, and mend
Your Lives, be mindful of the Latter-end;
This wicked World much longer cannot ſtand,
I'm ſure the Day of Judgment is at Hand;
For as the Maſs in order was begun,
So to'ards its End prepoſt'rouſly 'twill run;
And never more contrary did it go
The courſe ordain'd than now, for *Taylors* do

Turn

Turn *Doctors*; *Cordwainers Astrologers*,
Who play the Dev'l and Two Sticks with the Stars;
Bankrupts turn *Lawyers*; Mechanicks without Sense
Ravish the Muses, brazen'd Insolence
Protects 'em. Now a silly Prentice-Boy,
With *Billet deux* endeavours to decoy
Some sorry Servant-Wench to be his Spouse;
Who, if she cannot Read the Verses, goes
To some by-Scriv'ner, who doth them explain,
And Two-pence has to answer them again.

Each *Beau* in *Play-house*, *Pit*, or *Gallery*,
Cloys *Orange* Wenches with dull Poetry,
By *Momus*, and Old *Aoco* there Inspir'd,
Each Swears the Creature has his Senses Fir'd
With Love: *Alas!* more Knowledge is among
Illit'rate Link-boys which do nightly throng,
About an *Ale*-house, or a Tavern-door,
To light Home Cully, Bawd, and drunken Whore,
Than is amongst such Self-conceited Fools,
Who cann't distinguish Pigs from Joynted-Stools;
More Eloquence flows from the Tongues which Beg,
With counterfeited Sores, or ty'd up Leg,
For Farthings in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, to be
Fuddling at Night with their Fraternity.

Here some fanatick *Tinker* in a Rage,
Pretends to Satyrize the wicked *Age*,
So out of an Enthusiastick Fit
(Which clogs his Brains, and doth his Thoughts be-s-t)
He Writes to get the popular Applause
Of *Independants*, thinking that the Cause
Will make them (like the *Jewish* Rabble) cry
He is some GOD, his Name we'll Deify.

A *Lawyer*'s Clerk ſits at his rotten Deſk,
Doth on the Works of Learned *Bards* Burleſque;
One from his Infancy a Hare-brain Fool,
But got a little Book learnt at ſome School,
Where Learning was for Pariſh-Children free,
By a dead Lord's, or Lady's Charity.
His Works, as ſoon as Born, do curſe their Fate,
And like old Almanacks grow out of Date;
Unknown in *Duck-Lane*, or St. *Paul's-Church-Yard*;
They molding lye, no one the Works Regard;
Then for a Half-penny per Pound they Sell
Them for Waſt-paper, or they'll ſerve as well
As can be for Bum-fodder when you S---t,
Truly for nothing elſe the Stuff is fit.

A *Mercer* that in Rhiming doth Delight,
In that ſweet Dialect pretends to Write;
Not Learnt at all, he would (but never can)
By Learning claim to be a Gentleman;
His Wit's ſo ſhort, to call that Name his own,
That *Amo* he would Swear muſt be a Noun;
Shew him but ſuch a Word as *rara* he
Would Swear it was no Word, there could not be
Such Characters in uſe with any Land,
They were no Letters; but a Mad-Man's Hand.
Put but the dunny Lubber to ſpell The,
He'd ſtand and Pauſe, and then cry S--O--T;
A Sot indeed! but inſtinct we may ſpy,
There is in Dulneſs, and Simplicity,
Which made the Hog's-head of Recorded Shame,
Sound the right Eccho of his Sottiſh Name:
Poor fooliſh *Pamus*, he may, to obtain
The little Wit he Loſt, ſue (though in vain)

All whom he meets: his dram of Senſe thinks fit
To let his clacking Tongue out-run his Wit,
Which is but ſhallow; at the higheſt Tide
Over its puddled Stream an *Ant* may ſtride.

A *Tallow-Chandler* thinking that he may,
Like *Marſyas*, with great *Appollo* play,
Makes ſilly Ballads to old Womens Tunes,
On Country Bumpkins, Jilts, and Scottiſh Loons:
With Ladder he his half-til'd Garret Scales,
The Cieling hung with Cobwebs; dingy Walls,
Daub'd like a *Taylor*'s Shop, with Snot and Spittle;
A rotten Floor, and Furniture but little.
There doth he ſit, and ſcribble all the Year,
For Bread and Butter, and Six Shilling Beer.

An ign'rant *Joyner* driven to his Shifts,
Upon the double-headed Hill he lifts
His Thought, which puts his Head to harder Pains
Than *Jove*'s, when *Pallas* tumbled in his Brains;
Like Dogs which bark againſt the Moon, but can
Not reach it, ſo this Self-conceited Man,
To ſpend his ever Idle time, doth vent
His Thoughts on Themes beyond his Element
[illegible] his Skull that's void of Wit,
Reaſon, or Underſtanding's only fit
To be chain'd to the Corner of a Street,
For Paſſengers to Piſs in, if they ſee't.

A ſtarving *Barber* that for Two-pence Shaves,
But take the Year round nothing by it Saves;
Till Shirt is waſh'd and dry'd, a Bed doth lye,
There makes a Song or Two, then, like the Fly

That

That ſate upon the Chair's Wheel, and prais'd
Her ſelf by ſaying, *What a Duſt I've rais'd*;
He thinks Wit makes him Great, when, all this while,
It is his Nonſenſe makes the People Smile:
In Fooliſhneſs he Swaggers, Bounces, Huff,
And ſurfeits all the Town with bombaſt Stuff,
Scum'd off the ſettlings of a frothy Wit;
To have a Name; but if a Name he'll get,
It muſt be like *Heroſtratus* his Fame,
Got by Reproaches, Scandals, Scoffs, and Shame.

Lewd Rhimes a fooliſh Glover writes for want,
But yet his Scribbling's inſignificant;
Inſtead of Guineas from a Lord for the
Epiſtle, all bedaub'd with Flattery,
The common Hang-man doth his Pains Reward,
By burning what he writes in *Palace-Yard*:
Againſt the Precepts of Anatomy,
His ſtinking Arſs-gut in his Pate doth lye,
So what he eateth upwards ſtrait aſcends,
And there to Ordure turning much offends,
With ſtifling Fumes the little Wit which grows
Wild in his Noddle; like a Man that goes
A Journey, when the clearneſs of the Skies
Is wrapt in Fogs, (which from the Earth ariſe
In noyſome Steams, and in them loſe his way,
So in-turd-Miſts his Fancy runs aſtray:
The flaſhing Vapours of his Nail-thick Scull,
In which the Organs of his Senſe play dull,
Lead his confounding Wit a rambling Dance,
Through Whimſies, Self-conceit, and Ignorance;
Till in *Meander*'s roving round about,
He Whips, and Spurs up Nonſenſe to get out.

To

To name the Calls of each poor Bankrupt Wretch
That Writes for Bread, my Catalogue would ſtretch
Through all the Companies which ſhew their Trade,
By Streamers at a Lord Mayor's Cavalcade.
Who are reſolved now to plague the State
With Rhiming, 'cauſe they would not tolerate
Their cheating in *White-Fryars*, and the *Mint*;
'Tis time to give their Villany a Stint.

Into Twelve Parts this Kingdom now divide,
Seven aim on *Pegaſus* to Ride;
To ſift good Poets from Pretenders, and
I'm ſure we have not Six-teere in the Land:
And Poets now-a-days do ſtroul about,
As thick as *Pettifoggers* in a Court:
They are as common as deceitful Cracks,
Or Lying, Impudent, Baſe, Knaviſh Quacks,
Who ride about from Street to Street to tell
What famous Pacquets they for Two-pence ſell,
To any Man who has a mind to loſe
His Life before his Time; thus they abuſe
The Ignorant, great *Doctors* tho they be,
Although they cannot conſtrue *Recipe*.

Some believing Aſſes at every turn
To know their Fortune will devoutly run
To Sharpers, ſtudying *Aſtrology*,
An Art compos'd of Cheats and Fallacy:
But hearing talk of Schemes, Conjunctions, Signs,
Azimuths, Oppoſitions, Sextiles, Trines,
They think they're Names of Spirits; and ſuppoſe
Theſe Shirks have got 'em faſter by the Noſe
Than *Dunſtan* had the *Devil*; ſo will ſome
To Naſty, Pedling, Senſeleſs Poets come

To

To have a Ballad on coy Sweet-hearts made,
Or lewd Lampoons upon ſome tir'd Jade,
Which they (as well as their inſipid Wit,
Or little skill of Rhiming will permit)
Do blunder over for a little Drink,
And Six-pence to recruit their waſted Ink.

Good Poets muſt be Poets born, inſpir'd
With nat'ral Parts, as well as Parts acquir'd;
Maſters of *Horace*'s Language, and the Tongue
Of *Homer*, other Arts to them belong:
Therefore for you whoſe Breeding is no more
Than Reading, Writing, caſting up a Score
Of Ten or Fifteen Pounds, for ſhame leave off
The Art which makes the Country at you ſcoff.
Illit'rate Men, who cannot keep their Wives,
Themſelves, and Children, but lead ſorry Lives,
For Soldiers go, elſe by the *London*-Cries,
As Prunes, or Mother *Shipton*'s Prophecies,
Old Chairs to Mend, Pearmains, or *Windſor*-bowls,
Thread-laces, Chimney-ſweep, Geeſe, Ducks, or Fowls;
A Livelihood endeavour all to get;
And never triumph over little Wit.
Do this, and then perhaps ye'll never ſtarve,
By Rhimes you will; and if you'll not obſerve
Ne ſutor ultra crepidam, the Aſhes
Of *Oldham* will ariſe to give you laſhes.

Ah! treacherous Slaves, how come you to eſcape
The *Seſſions-houſe* ſo often, for the Rape
Commited on the *Muſes*, up and down,
Publickly, in all places of the Town?
Which ſpurious iſſue of each forced Verſe
Your impious Hands, Sirs, ought to be the Herſe,

To carry them to a conſuming Flame,
For all things ſhould return from whence they came;
Have you no good Receipt, to cure that Itch
Of Rhiming, which I fear will make you ſcratch
Your Brains to pieces? get in time a Cure,
Or elſe none can your Company endure;
But do not Brimſtone uſe, for that will ſmell,
And make 'em think the Sacred *Nine* are fell
From ſteep *Parnaſſus*, to the Pit of *Hell*.

Upon the *Lawreat* of this gang I'll fall,
For their Preſumption he ſhall pay for all;
I charge you fairly to ſtand on your Guard,
No favour will I ſhew you fooliſh *W--d*,
Unleſs its Credit to you, that I do
Take Notice of one Fool, and Coxcomb too:
Lackey to Fools, blind Buzzard, Son of Sloth,
If your nonſenſical, and canting Wrath,
Cann't from lampooning theſe my Lines refrain,
Able I am, and will laſh you again,
Or any of your Crew.------

How long have you a *Poet* been I pray?
[illegible] that put you in that way?
Great Stallion of the Town, thy giddy Brains,
(Grown Rude and Head-ſtrong for the want of Reins,
To keep 'em ſtaid) writes Verſes? I muſt tell
The World, Fate having a deſign to ſell
Your Credit, and reſolv'd to redicule
You to the Country for an arrant Fool,
Doth eg you on to Write in Dogg'rel Rhimes,
The only Sickneſs of the preſent times:
It makes my queezy Stomach Sick and Weak,
To ſee you let your Nonſenſe ſpring a-leak,

And Founder. I perſwaded am to think
Poor *Battus* that you waſt your Pens and Ink,
For Flouts, and foul Diſgrace; the Town's diſdain
Doth ſtile you one of that inſipid Train,
Which put their Friends for Wit but to the Charge
Of *Primmer*, *Pſalter*, *Copy-book*, and large
Octavo *Bible*, and a Sice a Week
For Schooling at the *Devil's Arſs-a-Peak*.
You know no Pardon is allow'd a *Spy*,
Therefore by Law of Arms expect to Die;
As all your Similes are at an end,
I think that Man that Kills you is your Friend;
For once they fail you muſt expect to be
Reduced to your former Poverty;
The *Preſs* you ſtuff and gorges ev'ry Seaſon,
Much more with Nonſenſe, than with ſolid Reaſon;
Your dull, debauched, putrified Brains,
Fly-blown with Nonſenſe, and fantaſtick Strains
Of idle Thoughts to Maggots turn, which make
You talk of things at Random; for the ſake
Of Coyn you ſcribble. To all goodneſs ſpight
(Reaſon it's not) that urges you to Write.

Thou ſole Promoter of deformed Vice,
Pray what's the Moral of *Sot's Paradice*?
The *Walk* to *Iſlington*, the *Trips* you make
Abroad? and *Journey* to the *ſulph'rous Lake*?
None as I know of; but the *Viſit* paid
The *Devil* was by *Don Quevedo* made,
Tranſlated by the celebrated Hand
Of brave *L'Eſtrange*, or elſe you underſtand
Him not; thus *Plagiary* you do Live
By What the *Wits* indeed to Fools do give.

If

If some of our *Clergy* are so bad
As you do make them, you no reason had,
To speak against them e're thou art Reform'd
From all those Sins which hath thy *Body* Storm'd;
Besides Respect to our Religion ought
To be kept Reflections from your wicked Thought.

Art thou a Man, and 'buse the *Clergy* so,
If Man, art thou begat as other? no;
As Serpents which in *Lybian* Desarts be,
Engendring in the Sands promiscuously,
And breed such Monsters of so strange a kind,
That they were not for Nature's Work design'd:
So your fell Creature was as strangely bred,
Of Man's Seed spilt on Mummy of the Dead,
Mixed with Witches Excrements, to be
A Plague (till choak'd) to Christianity;
For which, one day or other, you will feel
The stripes of *Nemesis*, whose Rods are Steel;
But Antick Tricks proclaim you for an *Ape*,
Or *Monkey* molded in a neater Shape
Than usual; which grieves me your pains will end
(Like other Beasts) when Death shall for you send.
I wish I believe thou'rt made of Flesh and Blood
At all, thou only art a Log of Wood;
Which he that made the Iron *Dove* to fly
(To shew his cunning Ingenuity)
Has carved like a humane Figure, and
By Clock-work makes it move Eyes, Legs, or Hand;
But speak it does not, it's a Wizard (Drunk
With Spight) that bellows through the lifeless Trunk:
Or else the Liver-knawn *Prometheus*,
Is broken loose from frozen'd *Caucasus*,

So

So ventures privately with ſtollen Fire,
Life into one Clay Statue to inſpire;
To be Revenged on the Deity,
The Author of his pain; and thou art he.
If you for nothing carp on ſuch as theſe,
You'll rail againſt your God for *Bread* and Cheeſe.

The World is come to that paſs now adays,
That Slaund'rers will on Nothing Slaunders raiſe,
If Kings cannot from Slaund'rous Tongues be free,
Much leſs a Subject: It's not Quality,
Renown, great Learning, Vertue, or Eſtate,
Or Charity can in the leaſt abate
The rigid Cenſures of curſt, partial *Tribes*,
Sprung I believe from Phariſees and Scribes,
Who other People would for Vices blame,
Though they themſelves were guilty of the ſame:
With Vice they were enamour'd, yet thoſe Sects
Forbad it; ſtill the Devil Sin Corrects:
Was each one's Fault upon their Forehead writ,
I'm ſure you could no man of Sinning twit.

Thou little, naſty, filthy, partial Knave,
How moſt imperiouſly you Scold and Rave
Againſt the little Practicers of Law,
And Phyſick; great ones keep your Pen in awe,
Who ought the moſt of all to have the Laſh,
But lo! you run the Gauntlet thro' ſuch *Traſh*,
Clerks o'th' Court, rude Bailiffs, Hangmen, and
Baſe Goalers' who no Mercy Underſtand;
Sow-Guelders, *Barber*-ſurgeons, and a Crew
Of Tooth drawers, as Ignorant as you,
Therefore on ſuch you vented all your Spleen,
Becauſe you would not have the Laſh again.

Indeed *Ned W——d*, thy Lines doth run as Harſh
As thou in Satyriſing art too raſh,
But yet I own in one thing you excell
(For all my jeſting) ſacred *Couleigh*'s Skill,
So much as he exceeded you in Wit,
So much thou wilt outrun the *Bard* in Feet,
Twelve are the moſt, I think, which he doth uſe,
But one more thou'rt reſolv'd to give thy Muſe.
Truly *Jack Adams* born at *Clerkenwell*,
The greateſt Changeling of his time, could tell
More matters of *Proſodia* than you,
Who knows not when a Stanza's Wrong, or True.
I wonder the Church-wardens do not where
You dwell, of ſuch an Ideot take care,
To put you out to ſome old Pariſh-Nurſe,
And ſome ſmall matter once a Year diſburſe
For Slabb'ring-Bib, green Tunick, Petticoat,
The common Livery to ſhew you Dote:
But if he be not of the Pariſh which
He lurks in now, good Beadle with a Switch
Drive him before you to a Whipping-poſt,
Where flaug him till he in his Dung is loſt,
Let not your Hand yield pity to his pain,
Then paſs the idle Vagrant home again;
Elſewhere that is, the Lord of *Oxford* knows,
For I don't; nor himſelf (Sirs) *I* ſuppoſe.

Doſt ſay, thy Soul is innocent and bright,
The greateſt Stain that blots the darkeſt Night,
Eclipſeth it, to Hell ſo well thou'rt known,
Had you been there, they'd kept you for their own;
Thy Sins had preſs'd you to the deepeſt place,
Where Souls are tortur'd for the want of Grace.

The

The crys of ſtarved Baſtards, or the Tears
Of Maids you've Broached for theſe many Years,
Are evidence enough to keep you there,
Whenever you on Earth ſhall diſappear:
They ſay in e'ry Pariſh that's in Town,
A little Son or Daughter thou may'ſt own.

As for your Second Part, or any other
Journey to Hell, or News of Smoke or Smother,
It's not worth while to talk of, ſo keep on
The Brimſtone Road, till I have bid you done.
Thou interloper of a noble Trade,
To which thou art beholding for thy Bread,
Sell not your Stuff at Home, go you and cry
With other Hawkers what's your Infamy.
It's too much Juſtice to make you my Scorn,
(Curſt *Rake*) I wiſh thou never hadſt been born,
For fear it ſhould be made a damning Crime,
In Writing 'gainſt ſuch Fools as thou'rt in Rhime.
What Epithite ſhall I on you beſtow?
Riſe Hell to tell me, for I do not know!
W—d ſtill I'll call you, no Name elſe is worſe,
Wherefore I ſhall entail the ſequent Curſe
On you, and all ſuch who themſelves forget,
And on the ſacred Siſters Rapes commit;
O Envy! let my Thoughts upon 'em fly,
To Kill ſuch Varlets all by Sympathy.
Pray pay 'em off with Nits, Lice, Itch, and Scabs.
Let 'em be taunted at by dirty Drabs,
Who keeps 'em for their Pimps, and Right or Wrong
Let Cullies Kick 'em as they go along,

Bark

Bark little *Dogs* ; upon 'em Smell and Piſs :
Then *Boys* that ſee the Paſſage at 'em Hiſs.
To *Bedlam* ſend theſe *Foes* of Senſe, to be
For Mice, and other Vermin, Company,
Whilſt they do ſqueak, let them Curſe, Swear, and Rail
For Bread and *Butter* given out by Tale.
The Straits of all the Poor in *Town* befall
Such *Miſcreants*, this lump of *Leaven*. All
The Curſes of *Aſh-wedneſday* be their Doom.
Let deſp'rate Debts confine them to their Room ;
Grant ev'ry rap at Door may make 'em fear
A ſponging *Bailiff*, or a *Serge'nt's* there :
But then Enact, that no Red-Letter Day
Be their ſafe Sanctuary, that they may
At much Confinement ſuffer in their Holes,
As if they *Pris'ners* were in County Goals.
I wiſh 'em all the Puniſhment which be
Paſs'd on convicted *Rogues*, for *Larcenie* ;
Man-Slaughter ; O ! to Curſe in full, let all
The Crimes be theirs that comes to *Hicks his Hall*,
So monthly let 'em take *Old-Baily* Air ;
Or at *Aſſizes* out of *Town* appear
So [illegible] that a *Neck-Verſe* ſhall not ſave
Them from the *Gallows*, and a *High-way* grave.
Light on 'em Curſes vented by the Poor,
When *Parſons* for their *Tyths* ſtand at the Door.
O ! grant for ev'ry Letter in this *Satyr*,
Or Letter Written ſince the uſe of Paper,
That new Diſtempers be found out in Heaven,
And all at once to ſuch dull *Poets* given.

FINIS.